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All the wonders of faithful Nature  
 Still worked for the love of me ;  
 Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,  
 Rain falls, suns rise and set,  
 Earth whirls, and all but to prosper  
 A poor little violet.

“ This child is not mine as the first was,  
 I cannot sing it to rest,  
 I cannot lift it up fatherly  
 And bliss it upon my breast ;  
 Yet it lies in my little one's cradle  
 And sits in my little one's chair,  
 And the light of the heaven she's gone to  
 Transfigures its golden hair.” — pp. 160 – 163.

We have quoted enough to show that Mr. Lowell possesses extraordinary powers as a poet, and has arrived at the free and vigorous use of them, his finished work no longer falling behind his fresh and beautiful conceptions. If his future publications should show the constant improvement that has thus far distinguished his career, he may yet scale heights which at present, perhaps, he is hardly bold enough to measure. His readers, we are very sure, will join us in urging him to go on, but to publish sparingly. The world is tired of mediocrity in verse, and will give a joyous reception, now, only to the most carefully matured results of the poet's happiest hours.

ART. XI. — 1. *Journal of an Overland Expedition in Australia, from Moreton Bay to Port Essington, a Distance of upwards of 3000 Miles, during the Years 1844, 1845.* By DR. LUDWIG LEICHHARDT. London : T. & W. Boone. 1847. 8vo. pp. 544.

2. *Cook'sland in Northeastern Australia ; the Future Cotton-field of Great Britain : its Characteristics and Capabilities for European Colonization. With a Disquisition on the Origin, Manners, and Customs of the Aborigines.* By JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D. D., A. M. London : Longman & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 496.

THE work of colonization and maritime discovery seems to have fallen, with the tacit acquiescence of the rest of the

world, to Great Britain ; nor have all the mistakes and misdemeanours of home and colonial administrations been able to eclipse the lustre of her success. So entirely have other nations been driven from the field, that, whenever a new sea is explored or a new settlement established, it is next to certain that British enterprise and capital have taken the lead. The few exceptions only prove the rule. France, indeed, has at last caged the fugacious Emir of the desert, and exhibits him in proof of the success of the Algerian experiment ; though a menagerie of such captives would reduce the kingdom to the brink of bankruptcy. Our own interest, too, in the Antarctic continent may prove stable enough to warrant a future re-annexation of it, and a consequent defensive war with the natives of the South Pole ; and we may yet, to the astonishment of the world, find Sodom and Gomorrah at the bottom of the Dead Sea. But even then, England will be a respectable rival. As to the Portuguese, they seem to hover with a retrospective affection about their early haunts on the African coast, though not precisely for colonizing purposes. The Spanish flag is a stranger on shores where it once waved alone ; and the plodding Dutchman finds the known world already large enough for himself and his pipe.

In no quarter of the earth has the irrepressible energy of the British character been more strikingly displayed than in Australia. In the annals of colonization no chapter is more wonderful than that which records the rapid steps by which the English have acquired the now indisputable possession of a vast continent, nearly equal in extent to the whole of Europe. Sixty years ago, a band of convicts landed on the eastern coast of New Holland and founded the colony of New South Wales. In spite of the taint of its origin, the infant establishment grew apace. The country was found to be admirably adapted to pastoral purposes, and a hardy race of squatters soon pushed the outposts of the colony to the foot of the mountain barrier which for a long time excluded them from the plains beyond. In a few years, Van Diemen's Land, or, as it is now beginning to be called, in honor of Abel Tasman, its discoverer, Tasmania, the insularity of which had recently been established by the daring enterprise of Bass, was settled. And the tide of emigration was not yet checked ; the Swan River settlement, on the western coast, was undertaken, and has struggled through the fearful obstacles which obstructed

its early progress. Between the two colonies of New South Wales and Western Australia, room was found for an establishment on the southern coast, which bears the name of Southern Australia. The occupation, but a few years ago, of Port Essington on the northwest, has completed the girdle of English posts, and connected the Australian with the Asiatic possessions of Great Britain.

A few of those mellifluous parts of speech which distinguish the Low Dutch alone remain, to attest the early enterprise and later apathy of the people who scattered them along the northern and western coasts ; and even the empty compliment implied in the misnomer of New Holland, which always reminds one of the inverse classification of the lion under the cat kind, is fast growing obsolete. The great infrequency of native names is one of the melancholy proofs of the gradual decay and disappearance of their authors before the civilization, the violence, the vices, and the diseases of the white races ; nor in respect to euphony is the loss to be deeply lamented, if such names as the "Morrumbidgee" are a fair sample of them. The supremacy of British power appears in the abundance of English and Scotch names, both in Australia and Tasmania. Ben Lomond and the Esk bear witness to the patriotic regrets of the Caledonian exile, and a family of Wellingtons and Waterloos proclaim the origin of those who transplanted them.\* The presiding genii of Downing street, and their host of colonial Pucks and Ariels, are immortalized in Arrowsmith's maps ; and so far has the progress of discovery outrun the stock of notables, that one and the same worthy

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\* Though the French have learned to acknowledge the vast ability displayed by their British neighbours in the management of their colonial territories, their wounded vanity sometimes appears. We quote an amusing instance of this from Lesson's *Voyage round the World*, published at Paris in 1839. The author visited Sydney in 1824, and made an excursion into the interior of the colony. The following passage occurs in a note to his book : — "The name of Waterloo has been lavished by the English with such profusion, that it will become synonymous with *false glory*. How can a nation, so civilized as the English people, disfigure its trophies (if trophies they are, for Blücher has a better claim to them) by the tinsel and gold-lace which indicate poverty and bad taste ? A swarm of places in New South Wales bears this name and that of Wellington. When the day comes for the Russians to attack India and assume an undisputed preponderance in Europe, the English, chased from their vast possessions, will appreciate the true value of the battle of Waterloo, with which they are so besotted, although the sounder portion of the nation can already form a mature judgment of its results."

has been forced to stand godfather to river, mountains, and downs at once, while his colossal fame spans a longitude of forty degrees. Victoria and Albert, of course, have long been acclimated in these southern regions ; and the rising hopes of royalty are expected to follow, so soon as their tender age will bear the transportation.

Colonial civilization is proverbially unattractive, and, making the due distinction between the convict and the free settlements, Australian civilization is not more fascinating than other specimens of the class. When these colonies shall have formed a confederacy of states, the historian of the great republic will perhaps find reason to boast of its unexampled progress, and cite its precocity in wool, vice, commercial crises, steam-power, and social ambition. That a great destiny awaits it cannot be doubted ; but those portions of it which were tinctured with the vile infusion of the convict element have not yet worked off the corruption. The "high-life-below-stairs" aspect of society must long remain ; the literature of the land must for years consist chiefly of the journals of travellers, of which a library has already accumulated, and the provincial cast of its institutions repel, rather than invite, the attention of inquirers.

The least exotic form of civilized man in Australia is the squatter ; a growth which is sure to spring up on a pastoral soil. He is the pioneer in the settlement of the country ; and the peculiar circumstances of his lot impart an air of originality to his character. But we must not confound the early convict squatters of New South Wales with a better class of men, who have become quite numerous in that extensive colony. When Mr. Darwin, in 1836, described a squatter as "a freed or ticket-of-leave man, who builds a hut with bark on unoccupied ground, buys or steals a few animals, sells spirits without a license, receives stolen goods, and so at last becomes rich and turns farmer," and called him "the horror of all his honest neighbours," there was too much truth in the picture. That the outposts of the colony, especially the middle portions, are still infested with reptiles of this description, cannot be denied ; but the gradual increase of free immigration and the abandonment of the penal system have multiplied the number of farming squatters, who ought not to be confounded with the refuse of the English prisons. That the aboriginal population have been shamefully treated by the

squatters is too true ; but it is equally true, that the better class of farmers should not be held accountable for all the enormities committed by the "old hands" or "expiree" convicts in their employment as stockmen or shepherds. We quote the following remarks on the "squating system" from Dr. Lang's account of Cooksland, the name which he proposes to give to the Moreton Bay district, the most northerly portion of New South Wales.

"The Australian Squatter is a being perfectly *sui generis* : there is nothing like him in any other part of the British Dominions ; there is nothing at all analogous to him in the United States of America. In the latter country the term implies some person of the humbler walks of life, whose only property is an axe, with a few articles of household furniture and implements of agriculture, and who goes forth into the vast forests of the frontier settlements, clears, fences, and cultivates a few acres of land, erecting upon it a log house, the whole of which, designated, in the language of the country, his *betterments*, together with his right of preëmption, which his adventurous labors as a Squatter have secured, and which the National Government very wisely respects, he probably sells to the first emigrant who heaves in sight, either from Europe or from the Eastern States, looking out for a location, and then moves off farther west, to repeat the same process afresh, as the precursor and pioneer of civilization. But the Australian Squatter, especially in the northern and southern divisions of the great colony of New South Wales, is, as Mr. Hodgkinson rightly observes, a man of education and respectable connections ; and if not a gentleman born and bred, as indeed is not unfrequently the case, he has generally a quantity of stock that implies a considerable amount of pastoral capital. The proper names scattered over the map of Cooksland, appended to this volume, are those of the proprietors of the respective Squatting Stations into which the country is divided among the actual Squatters ; ten pounds being payable annually to the Government as a license for the occupation of each station, the boundaries of which are defined by the resident Commissioner of Crown Lands in proportion to the amount of the Squatter's stock, allowing generally for four years' increase. . . . .

"When the Squatter has selected and secured his run, and can say for the time being, at least, 'I am monarch of all I survey,' his first care is to occupy it with his flocks and herds, and to erect temporary dwellings for himself and his servants, as well as folds for his sheep or stockyards for his cattle. In the first instance, these dwellings are generally formed of slabs, and covered

with bark ; glass windows, a deal floor, a shingled roof, and an additional apartment or two besides the original one that serves for all purposes, with perhaps a neat garden, being added gradually, if the Squatter is a man of taste and leisure, or has any regard either for personal convenience or for appearances. . . . .

“Some stations are appropriated entirely to sheep, others to cattle, according to the quality of the pasture, or the caprice of the proprietor; but the greater number have both sheep and cattle, and many have horses also. The high and dry ground, where the pasture is neither too rich nor too abundant, is best for sheep; the low swampy ground, or the rich alluvial flats, being best adapted for cattle. As sheep, however, have latterly been a more profitable description of stock, many cattle-runs have been transformed into sheep-stations, when the nature of the country has admitted of such a change. The number of sheep in a flock is generally from 600 to 800; but in the open country of the Darling Downs, as well as in a few other tracts of a similar character to the southward, as many as from 2000 to 2500 sheep can be run with safety in a single flock. *Runs* or stations are frequently sold in the Colony, with all the stock on them, and it is often difficult to dispose of a large flock or herd of cattle at all, unless the run *is given in* with them. I have heard of a thousand pounds being given for a run over and above the value of the stock.” — pp. 292 – 295.

The enterprise and energy of this class of men, who are ready to push their stations to the utmost verge of the discovered territory, will undoubtedly lead to the ultimate occupation of those portions of the vast interior which are able to support a pastoral population. When to this constant pressure of a naturally expansive race of settlers we add the consideration, that the wilds of Australia offer the adventurer the most tempting field for discovery yet remaining, and that problems in geography and geology of great interest are yet to be solved, we cannot wonder at the willingness which so many explorers have exhibited to encounter the hardships of the undertaking.

The maritime position of the English colonies, however, naturally led in the first place to the exploration of the coasts; and the history of the country is inseparably associated with the fame of England's most illustrious navigators. The recent voyage of Captain Stokes, in that veteran of discovery, the little *Beagle*, and that of Captain Blackwood, have thrown

great light on several points hitherto obscure ; nor can many years elapse, before this enormous line of coast, measuring, as has been computed, 8,000 miles, will have been satisfactorily explored.

The progress of interior discovery has been more partial. Although the task was undertaken at an early period by men of skill and perseverance, the seemingly impassable barrier which, at no great distance from the sea, intercepted all communication with the western regions, bade defiance, for a quarter of a century, to every attempt to penetrate it. At length, however, in 1813, the arrival of one of those seasons of drought, to which Australia is subject, effected what the spirit of adventure had in vain essayed. A party of colonists, hoping to escape from the sunburnt plains below, made their way to the summit of the ridge, but, their provisions giving out, were obliged to return. The way, however, was opened. The government of New South Wales continued the exploration ; and in 1814 a practicable road was constructed by convict labor, over ridges rising, in some parts, to an elevation of 3,400 feet above the sea. A fine pastoral region on the western slope of the hills was thus thrown open to the colony. The barrier being once passed, the progress of discovery was rapid. Immense downs, affording unrivalled facilities for sheep and cattle pasturage, have one by one been added to the colonial territory, and the vast basin of the Murray and its tributaries has been explored in various directions. But as this river discharges itself into a lake near the southern shore, little impression had been made on the central regions of Australia ; nor had the attempts to penetrate the interior from the western coast been followed by greater results. In the mean time, the examination of the eastern coast range was prosecuted with great success ; and the name of Count Strzelecki deserves to be placed by the side of Mitchell, Sturt, and their enterprising countrymen.

But the time had now arrived for a bolder enterprise. In October, 1843, the Legislative Council of New South Wales appointed a committee of their own body to inquire into the practicability of establishing an overland route between the settled parts of New South Wales and Port Essington. Two routes were proposed ; the one from Fort Bourke on the Darling river, a tributary of the Murray, in nearly a direct line from Port Essington to Sydney, from which last



it is distant six hundred miles. This route was preferred by Sir Thomas Mitchell, who had held the office of Surveyor-General of the Colony since 1828, and had eminently distinguished himself as an explorer. The other route was to proceed from Moreton Bay, in latitude about four degrees south of the tropic, by the Darling Downs, which lie on the west of the coast range, thence along that range to the Gulf of Carpentaria, the great indentation of the northern coast of Australia, the southernmost angle of which lies in somewhat less than seventeen degrees of south latitude, and then around the gulf to Port Essington, in latitude eleven and a half degrees south; the difference in longitude between the termini of this route being twenty-one degrees, about equal to the distance, in miles, from Cape Cod to the western boundary of Missouri. The committee having reported in favor of the Fort Bourke route, the Council voted an address to the governor of the colony, praying for an appropriation not exceeding £ 1,000, to meet the expenses of the expedition. His Excellency, however, would not assume the responsibility of allowing the grant without a previous communication with the government at home; and the project, in this form at least, was suspended. But the plan of an expedition from Moreton Bay was taken up by a private individual, and, without a farthing from the public purse, was carried into execution. Nor was it the achievement of a man of wealth or influence, but of a German student of very limited means, who had come out in 1842 to Australia, with the hope of attaching himself to some expedition of discovery, in the capacity of naturalist.

Dr. Ludwig Leichhardt, who has by this single enterprise raised himself to the first rank among travellers, was born in Prussia in 1813. He had originally intended to adopt the profession of medicine, but had subsequently devoted himself, at the German universities, to the study of the natural sciences. He arrived in the colony, as we have stated, in 1842, and while waiting for an appointment, delivered a course of lectures on botany at Sydney, and undertook a scientific exploration of a part of the country between that city and Wide Bay, which lies a little to the north of Moreton Bay. "With a little more," he says, "I travelled more than 2,500 miles, zigzag, from Newcastle to Wide Bay, being often groom and cook, washerwoman, geologist,

and botanist, at the same time ; and I delighted in this life." Several letters, written by him from various stations to his friend Mr. Lynd, are published by Dr. Lang, and, without any pretension to fine writing, prove their author to be a man of sense and an enthusiast in science. "One of the finest sights," he says, "I had was that of a *Glycine*, a climbing shrub, which is now [19th of October] in full blossom. The flower is a pale violet, the inflorescence long grapes, which form the most elegant festoons from tree to tree along some creeks. I was so struck with the beauty of the sight, that I almost forgot, in gazing, to take specimens." We are told that he passed unharmed among the wildest of the aborigines, aided doubtless by his medical knowledge, and even employed them frequently in his service. An intimate acquaintance with their habits seems to have inspired him with less disgust than the ordinary accounts of these races would have led us to expect.

"The black-fellow, in his natural state, and not yet contaminated or irritated by the white man, is hospitable and not at all devoid of kind feelings. We had a striking instance of the honesty of these men. A native dog, which they had tamed, came during our absence and took our meat provisions. When we returned, one of the black-fellows came and brought back a piece of bacon and the cloth in which it was. The ham had been devoured by the dog, but the black brought even the bones which still remained. For about three figs of tobacco they provided us two days with oysters and crabs. They are a fine race of men, tall and well made, and their bodies, individually, as well as the groups which they formed, would have delighted the eye of an artist. . . . Their resources for obtaining food are extremely various. They seem to have tasted every thing, from the highest top of the Bunya tree and the *Seaforthia* and cabbage palm, to the grub which lies in the rotten tree of the brush, or feeds on the lower stem or root of the *Xanthorrhæa*. By the bye, I tasted this grub, and it tastes very well, particularly in chewing the skin, which contains much fat. It has a very nutty taste, which is impaired, however, by that of the rotten wood upon which the animal lives. They are well aware that this grub changes into a beetle resembling the cockchafer, and that another transforms into a moth. Particularly agreeable to them is the honey with which the little stingless native bee provides them amply. You have no idea of the number of bees' nests which exist in this country. My black-fellow, who accompanies me at

present, finds generally three or four of them daily, and would find many more, if I gave him full time to look for them. They do not find these nests as the black-fellows in Liverpool Plains; *they do not attach a down to the legs of the little animal*; but their sharp eye discovers the little animals flying in and out the opening — even sixty and more feet high. ‘Me millmill bull’ (I see a bee’s nest), he exclaims, and, so saying, he puts off his shirt, takes the tomahawk, and up he goes. If in a branch, he cuts off the tree and enjoys the honey on the ground. Is it in the body of the tree, he taps at first with the tomahawk to know the real position, and then he opens the nest. The honey is sweet, but a little pungent. There is, besides the honey, a kind of dry bee-bread, like gingerbread, which is very nourishing. The part in which the grub lives is very acid. The black-fellow destroys every swarm of which he takes the honey. It is impossible for him to save the young brood.” — *Cooksland*, p. 375.

Dr. Leichhardt brought with him, on his return, an exceedingly curious and valuable collection of specimens of every kind; and in botany alone is said to have discovered upwards of one hundred new plants. This journey appears to have terminated in the spring of 1844. In the mean while, being disappointed in his hope of accompanying Sir T. Mitchell on the proposed expedition to Port Essington, he determined to get up a party to proceed, under his own guidance, by the Moreton Bay route. His own very moderate resources were insufficient for the outfit, and were but scantily eked out by private contributions; the enterprise being generally regarded as desperate. But he was not to be deterred by such difficulties. In April, 1844, he thus writes: —

“It is probable, my dear friend, that I shall not stay long in Sydney, when I come down. I have found young men willing and able to undergo the fatigues of a private expedition, and if I can muster sufficient resources to pay the expenses of provisions for six men, I shall immediately set out for Port Essington. . . . I know that if I start with these men, whom I know to be excellent bushmen, excellent shots, and without fear, I am sure to succeed. Every one of us has the necessary horses, and all that is required besides would be six mules with harness for carriage of flour — 100 pounds per head — tea and sugar and ammunition. Every one of us has lived weeks and weeks together in the bush, frequently surrounded by hostile blacks, whose character we know, and intercourse with whom we shall always try to avoid. Believe me, that one experienced and courageous

bushman is worth more than the eight soldiers Sir Thomas intends to take with him. They will be an immense burden, and of no use." — *Cooksland*, p. 92.

He closes a letter to Professor Owen, under date of July 10th, when his preparations were nearly completed, with these words : — " When you hear next of me, it will be either that I am lost and dead, or that I have succeeded to penetrate through the interior to Port Essington."

In the month of August, 1844, the expedition left Sydney, and after passing some time at Brisbane, the chief town in Moreton Bay district, to recruit, set out in September upon their perilous march. The party consisted of ten persons ; two of them, Harry Brown and Charley, being aboriginal natives ; and one, William Phillips, " a prisoner of the Crown." Their live stock amounted to seventeen horses and sixteen head of cattle ; and they were furnished with a supply of flour, sugar, tea, chocolate, gelatine, and ammunition, for seven months, which was supposed to be a reasonable estimate of the duration of their journey.

At last, on the first of October, after a preliminary conflict with their refractory draught-bullocks, who kicked against being degraded into beasts of burden, they left Jimba, the last station of civilized man, and plunged into the wilderness. " Many a man's heart," says the traveller, " would have thrilled like our own, had he seen us winding our way round the first rise beyond the station, with a full chorus of ' God save the Queen,' which has inspired many a British soldier — ay, and many a Prussian too — with courage in the time of danger." For several days our travellers pushed on as rapidly as the undutiful carriage of their bullocks, and the troublesome " scrub " (a dense thicket), which continually obstructed their progress, would allow. No serious accident occurred, except the loss of a large part of their flour in the scrub, and the disappearance of two of the party, who were tracked seventy miles by Charley before they could be found. The travellers were singularly fortunate in meeting with lagoons and creeks, which, not yet exhausted by the heat of the summer (for November is a summer month in Australia), or occasionally replenished by passing thunder-storms, supplied them with water ; so that through the first ten months of their journey they encamped only once without it, and even then were refreshed by a thunder-storm at night ; though

straggling parties sometimes suffered severely. But during the first weeks of their progress, they found much less game than they had anticipated ; and it became doubtful whether they could go on. That some of the party must return was clear, and unless bullock's meat could be dried in the sun, there was an end of the matter for all. The experiment was tried with success ; and two of the party with as many horses returned to the colony.

As the travellers advanced, they fell in with game of various kinds ; emus and cockatoos, with occasional teal and duck, served very well for supper, and dried kangaroo was almost as savory as dried beef ; and their "black-fellows" were good honey-gatherers. An intractable bullock having torn another flour-bag and spilled its contents on the ground, our adventurers, who had at length fairly acquired the accomplishment of an "overcoming stomach," after scraping up with gum-leaf spoons what they could, made a porridge of the remainder, "well mixed with dried leaves and dust," which, by the aid of a little gelatine, they all "enjoyed highly." Even horse-flesh did not come amiss ; and they learned in time to do without salt, though it cost a severe struggle. Their flour, notwithstanding the especial spite of the bullocks against it, held out, by dint of good husbandry, for a long time ; but their best friend was tea, which the worthy doctor is antiquated enough to pronounce a better quencher of thirst and assuager of fatigue than the only natural drink of man, cold water. The most convincing proof of "man's superiority to his accidents" which this volume affords is in the record of a supper of wallaby-broth, seasoned with a piece of green-hide, which had already served an apprenticeship of five months as the wrapper of a botanical collection. "It required, however," he adds, "a little longer stewing than a fresh hide, and was rather tasteless."

The "black-fellows" too, whose sagacity and keen sight were invaluable to the travellers, gave them much trouble. Charley had once or twice a fit of the sulks, and on one occasion fulfilled a threat of stopping the doctor's jaw, by a blow which loosened two of his teeth. For some time, they kept away from the camp, but the doctor, whose thorough experience of the native character had taught him how to manage them, soon brought them to terms ; and a quarrel which afterwards broke out between them was of great ser-

vice to the company. The doctor's life was in one instance probably saved by the ready recollection of his aboriginal attendant. We quote his own account of the adventure.

"We rode the whole day through a Bricklow thicket, which, in only three or four places, was interrupted by narrow strips of open country, along creeks on which fine flooded-gums were growing. The density of the scrub, which covered an almost entirely level country, prevented our seeing farther than a few yards before us, so that we passed our landmark, and, when night approached, and the country became more open, we found ourselves in a part of the country totally unknown to us. At the outside of the scrub, however, we were cheered by the sight of some large lagoons, on whose muddy banks there were numerous tracks of emus and kangaroos. In a recently deserted camp of the aborigines, we found an eatable root, like the large tubers of *Dahlia*, which we greedily devoured, our appetite being wonderfully quickened by long abstinence and exercise. Brown fortunately shot two pigeons; and, whilst we were discussing our welcome repast, an emu, probably on its way to drink, approached the lagoon, but halted when it got sight of us, then walked slowly about, scrutinizing us with suspicious looks, and, when Brown attempted to get near it, trotted off to a short distance, and stopped again, and continued to play this tantalizing trick until we were tired; when, mounting our horses, we proceeded on our way. Supposing, from the direction of the waters, that we had left our former tracks to the left, I turned to the northeast to recover them; but it soon became very dark, and a tremendous thunder-storm came down upon us. We were then on a high box-tree ridge, in view of a thick scrub; we hobbled our horses, and covered ourselves with our blankets; but the storm was so violent, that we were thoroughly drenched. As no water-holes were near us, we caught the water that ran from our blankets; and, as we were unable to rekindle our fire, which had been extinguished by the rain, we stretched our blankets over some sticks to form a tent, and notwithstanding our wet and hungry condition, our heads sank wearily on the saddles — our usual bush pillow — and we slept soundly till morning dawned. We now succeeded in making a fire, so that we had a pot of tea and a pigeon between us. After this scanty breakfast, we continued our course to the northeast. Brown thought himself lost, got disheartened, grumbled and became exceedingly annoying to me; but I could not help feeling for him, as he complained of severe pain in his legs. We now entered extensive Ironbark flats, which probably belong to the valley of

the Mackenzie. Giving our position every consideration, I determined upon returning to the mountains at which we had turned, and took a northwest course. The country was again most wretched, and at night we almost dropped from our saddles with fatigue. Another pigeon was divided between us, but our tea was gone. Oppressed by hunger, I swallowed the bones and the feet of the pigeon, to allay the cravings of my stomach. A sleeping lizard with a blunt tail and knobby scales, fell into our hands, and was of course roasted and greedily eaten. Brown now complained of increased pain in his feet, and lost all courage. 'We are lost, we are lost,' was all he could say. All my words and assurances, all my telling him that we might be starved for a day or two, but that we should most certainly find our party again, could not do more than appease his anxiety for a few moments. The next morning, the 21st, we proceeded, but kept a little more to the westward, and crossed a fine openly timbered country; but all the creeks went either to the east or to the north. At last, after a ride of about four miles, Brown recognized the place where we had breakfasted on the 19th, when all his gloom and anxiety disappeared at once. I then returned on my southeast course, and arrived at the camp about one o'clock in the afternoon; my long absence having caused the greatest anxiety amongst my companions. I shall have to mention several other instances of the wonderful quickness and accuracy with which Brown as well as Charley were able to recognize localities which they had previously seen. The impressions on their retina seem to be naturally more intense than on that of the European; and their recollections are remarkably exact, even to the most minute details. Trees peculiarly formed or grouped, broken branches, slight elevations of the ground — in fact, a hundred things, which we should remark only when paying great attention to a place — seem to form a kind of daguerreotype impression on their minds, every part of which is readily recollected." — pp. 115 – 118.

Not long after the departure of the travellers, a report became current in the colony that they had been cut off by the natives, or swept away by a hurricane. Mr. Hodgson, one of the two who had been sent back, was despatched in quest of them, but found no trace of their supposed fate. Meanwhile, Dr. Leichhardt's friend, Mr. Lynd, had written several stanzas on the mournful occasion, which were set to music by a resident of the colony, and must have highly edified the adventurers when they returned. Unaware of the premature doom to which they had been devoted, the party

pushed on from point to point, crossing or following the water-courses which they struck upon, discovering several important streams, and ascertaining the direction of the elevated ranges. But their advance was slow and painful. In latitude twenty-five degrees south they entered a knot of mountains, through which, only after long and tedious reconnoitring, they found a passage by threading a creek to its head. Brown, the black-fellow, having discovered a chain of fine lagoons, which received his name, the Christmas camp was pitched beside them, and the day commemorated by a dinner of suet pudding and stewed cockatoos. The first days of the new year (1845) were signalized by the discovery of a large river, named by Dr. Leichhardt the Mackenzie, the heads of which, he supposes, will lead to a watershed between eastern and western waters. Before the middle of January they crossed the southern tropic, and near the end of the month entered upon the plains and downs of a fine table-land, out of which rose a noble range of peaks, and which offered a delightful contrast to the monotony of the forest land they had so long wandered through. Although the events of an isolated life like this seem insignificant by the side of those of a busy world, yet, in their Crusoe existence, a kangaroo hunt, the bringing down of an emu, or the straying of a bullock, were as memorable as the queen's last reception, or an airing of the Prince of Wales. We quote Dr. Leichhardt's simple but interesting description of their daily life.

"I usually rise when I hear the merry laugh of the laughing-jackass (*Dacelo gigantea*), which, from its regularity, has not been unaptly named the settlers' clock; a loud cooe then roused my companions, — Brown to make tea, Mr. Calvert to season the stew with salt and marjoram, and myself and the others to wash, and to prepare our breakfast, which, for the party, consists of two pounds and a half of meat, stewed over night; and to each a quart pot of tea. Mr. Calvert then gives to each his portion, and, by the time this important duty is performed, Charley generally arrives with the horses, which are then prepared for their day's duty. After breakfast, Charley goes with John Murphy to fetch the bullocks, which are generally brought in a little after seven o'clock, A. M. The work of loading follows, but this requires very little time now, our stock being much reduced; and, at about a quarter to eight o'clock, we move on, and continue travelling four hours, and, if possible, select a spot for our



camp. . . . . As soon as the camp is pitched, and the horses and bullocks unloaded, we have all our allotted duties; to make the fire falls to my share; Brown's duty is to fetch water for tea; and Mr. Calvert weighs out a pound and a half of flour for a fat cake, 'which is enjoyed more than any other meal'; the large teapot being empty, Mr. Calvert weighs out two and a half pounds of dry meat to be stewed for our late dinner; and during the afternoon, every one follows his own pursuits, such as washing and mending clothes, repairing saddles, pack-saddles, and packs; my occupation is to write my log, and lay down my route, or make an excursion in the vicinity of the camp to botanize, &c., or ride out reconnoitring. My companions also write down their remarks, and wander about gathering seeds, or looking for curious pebbles. Mr. Gilbert takes his gun to shoot birds. A loud cooe again unites us towards sunset round our table-cloth; and, whilst enjoying our meals, the subject of the day's journey, the past, the present, and the future, by turns engage our attention, or furnish matter for conversation and remark, according to the respective humor of the parties. . . . . As night approaches, we retire to our beds. The two black-fellows and myself spread out each our own under the canopy of heaven, whilst Messrs. Roper, Calvert, Gilbert, Murphy, and Phillips, have their tents. Mr. Calvert entertains Roper with his conversation; John amuses Gilbert; Brown tunes up his corroborri songs, in which Charley, until their late quarrel, generally joined. Brown sings well, and his melodious plaintive voice lulls me to sleep, when otherwise I am not disposed. Mr. Phillips is rather singular in his habits; he erects his tent generally at a distance from the rest, under a shady tree, or in a green bower of shrubs, where he makes himself as comfortable as the place will allow, by spreading branches and grass under his couch, and covering his tent with them, to keep it shady and cool, and even planting lilies in blossom (*Crinum*) before his tent, to enjoy their sight during the short time of our stay. As the night advances, the black-fellows' songs die away; the chatting tongue of Murphy ceases, after having lulled Mr. Gilbert to sleep; and at last even Mr. Calvert is silent, as Roper's short answers become few and far between. The neighing of the tethered horse, the distant tinkling of the bell, or the occasional cry of night birds, alone interrupt the silence of our camp. The fire, which was bright as long as the corroborri songster kept it stirred, gradually gets dull, and smoulders slowly under the large pot in which our meat is simmering; and the bright constellations of heaven pass unheeded over the heads of the dreaming wanderers of the wilderness, until the summons of the laughing-jackass recalls them to the business of the coming day." — pp. 234 – 238.

The entry in the journal under date of May 24, the queen's birth-day, affords a striking picture of what the author calls the "psychological effects of life in the desert."

"*May 24.* — It was the queen's birth-day, and we celebrated it with what — as our only remaining luxury — we were accustomed to call a fat cake, made of four pounds of flour and some suet, which we had saved for the express purpose, and with a pot of sugared tea. We had for several months been without sugar, with the exception of about ten pounds, which was reserved for cases of illness and for festivals. So necessary does it appear to human nature to interrupt the monotony of life by marked days, on which we indulge in recollections of the past, or in meditations on the future, that we all enjoyed those days as much, and even more, than when surrounded with all the blessings of civilized society; although I am free to admit, that fat cake and sugared tea *in prospectu* might induce us to watch with more eagerness for the approach of these days of feasting. There were, besides, several other facts interesting to the psychologist, which exhibited the influence of our solitary life, and the unity of our purpose, on our minds. During the early part of our journey, I had been carried back in my dreams to scenes of recent date, and into the society of men with whom I had lived shortly before starting on my expedition. As I proceeded on my journey, events of earlier date returned into my mind, with all the fantastic associations of a dream; and scenes of England, France, and Italy passed successively. Then came the recollections of my University life, of my parents and the members of my family; and, at last, the days of boyhood and of school — at one time as a boy afraid of the look of the master, and now with the independent feelings of the man, communicating to and discussing with him the progress of my journey, the courses of the rivers I had found, and the possible advantages of my discoveries. At the latter part of the journey, I had, as it were, retraced the whole course of my life, and I was now, in my dreams, almost invariably in Sydney, canvassing for support, and imagining that, although I had left my camp, yet that I should return with new resources to carry us through the remainder of our journey. It was very remarkable, that all my companions were almost invariably anticipating the end of our journey, dreaming that they reached the sea-coast, and met with ships, or that they were in Port Essington and enjoying the pleasures of civilized life; whilst I, on awaking, found my party and my interests on the place where I had left them in my dreams. . . . . Evening approaches; the sun has sunk below the horizon for some time, but still he strains his eye through the gloom

for the dark verdure of a creek, or strives to follow the arrow-like flight of a pigeon, the flapping of whose wings has filled him with a sudden hope, from which he relapses again into a still greater sadness; with a sickened heart he drops his head to a broken and interrupted rest, whilst his horse is standing hobbled at his side, unwilling from excessive thirst to feed on the dry grass. How often have I found myself, in these different states of the brightest hope and the deepest misery, riding along, thirsty, almost lifeless and ready to drop from my saddle with fatigue; the poor horse tired like his rider, footsore, stumbling over every stone, running heedlessly against the trees, and wounding my knees! But suddenly, the note of *Grallina Australis*, the call of cockatoos, or the croaking of frogs, is heard, and hopes are bright again; water is certainly at hand; the spur is applied to the flank of the tired beast, which already partakes in his rider's anticipations, and quickens his pace — and a lagoon, a creek, or a river, is before him. The horse is soon unsaddled, hobbled, and well washed; a fire is made, the teapot is put to the fire, the meat is dressed, the enjoyment of the poor reconnoiterer is perfect, and a prayer of thankfulness to the Almighty God who protects the wanderer on his journey bursts from his grateful lips." — pp. 265 – 268.

As they advanced, they fell in with other before unknown streams, of considerable importance. On the morning of the 4th of June, Dr. Leichhardt, with a feeling of pleasure which he says he shall never forget, waked his comrades from their bivouac in the open air, to take their first view of the constellation of *Ursa Major*.

"The starry heaven is one of those great features of nature which enter unconsciously into the composition of our souls. The absence of the stars gives us painful longings, the nature of which we frequently do not understand, but which we call homesickness; and their sudden reappearance touches us like magic, and fills us with delight. Every new moon also was hailed with an almost superstitious devotion, and my black-fellows vied with each other to discover its thin crescent, and would be almost angry with me when I strained my duller eyes in vain to catch a glimpse of its faint light in the brilliant sky which succeeds the setting of the sun. The questions — Where were we at the last new moon? how far have we travelled since? and where shall we be at the next? — were invariably discussed amongst us; calculations were made as to the time that would be required to bring us to the end of our journey, and there was no lack of advice offered as to what should and ought to be done." — pp. 280, 281.

In the course of the expedition, they met with tracks of the natives, and on several occasions encountered individuals or parties of the natives themselves. These, when not friendly, usually confined their demonstrations of hostility to wild outcries, or such attempts as were easily warded off. On the night of June 28th, however, the camp was attacked, just after dark, by a band of natives, and one of the party mortally, and two others very severely, wounded.\* A timely discharge of the guns of the black-fellows, Charley and Brown, put them to flight, and they gave no further trouble. This was their first misfortune in a journey already exceeding a thousand miles. Dr. Leichhardt's surgical skill was of great service to his companions, who recovered very rapidly. The body of the unfortunate traveller was buried in the wilderness, and the funeral service of the English Church read over it, — a melancholy proof of the presence of civilized man.

On the 5th of July, nine months after leaving the last outpost of the colony, they made the joyful discovery of salt water. But here our traveller must speak for himself.

“ The first sight of the salt water of the gulf was hailed by all with feelings of indescribable pleasure, and by none more than by myself ; although tinctured with regret at not having succeeded in bringing my whole party to the end of what I was sanguine enough to think the most difficult part of my journey. We had now discovered a line of communication by land between the eastern coast of Australia and the gulf of Carpentaria : we had travelled along never-failing, and, for the greater part, running waters ; and over an excellent country, available, almost in its whole extent, for pastoral purposes. The length of time we had been in the wilderness had evidently made the greater portion of my companions distrustful of my abilities to lead them through the journey ; and, in their melancholy conversations, the desponding expression, ‘ We shall never come to Port Essington,’ was too often overheard by me to be pleasant. My readers will, therefore, readily understand why Brown’s joyous exclamation of ‘ Salt water ! ’ was received by a loud hurrah from the whole party, and why all the pains, and fatigues, and privations we had endured were, for the moment, forgotten, almost as completely as if we had arrived at the end of the journey.” — pp. 318, 319.

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\* A similar misfortune occurred in Captain Blackwood’s expedition, one of his sailors being speared by the natives ; and Captain Stokes himself received a wound which had nearly proved mortal.

Their course was now for some time to the southward, around the gulf, though generally at a considerable distance from it ; then to the westward, and lastly in an oblique direction to the northwest. But a bare geographical statement conveys no idea of the hardships which they had to encounter. Five months of painful journeying are more easily counted on the fingers of "travellers at home," than the weary hours and days of lengthening toil and privation by those who must bear them. The want of water was sometimes severely felt ; and the stock of luxuries, for such they had become, grew very low. We find this entry under September 22 : — " We had our last pot of tea, and were now fairly put on dry beef and water." Early in August, the expedition crossed the " Plains of Promise," as Captain Stokes had called the extensive level at which he abandoned the exploration of the river Albert. On the 16th of October, they lost their kangaroo dog, through whose means they had procured nearly all their game. They had become greatly attached to the poor creature, and felt his loss keenly.

" Mr. Calvert and Charley returned on our tracks to endeavour to recover our poor dog. They found him almost dead, — stretched out in the deep cattle track, which he seemed not to have quitted, even to find a shady place. They brought him to the camp ; and I put his whole body, with the exception of his head, under water, and bled him ; he lived six hours longer, when he began to bark, as if raving, and to move his legs slightly, as dogs do when dreaming. It seemed that he died of inflammation of the brain. If we become naturally fond of animals which share with us the comforts of life, and become the cheerful companions of our leisure hours, our attachment becomes still greater when they not only share in our sufferings, but aid greatly to alleviate them. The little world of animated beings, with which we moved on, was constantly before our eyes ; and each individual the constant object of our attention. We became so familiar with every one of them, that the slightest change in their walk, or in their looks, was readily observed ; and the state of their health anxiously interpreted. Every bullock, every horse, had its peculiar character, its well defined individuality, which formed the frequent topic of our conversation, in which we all most willingly joined, because every one was equally interested. My readers will, therefore, easily understand my deep distress when I saw myself, on recent occasions, compelled to kill two of our favorite bullocks long before their time ; and when our poor dog died,

which we all had fondly hoped to bring to the end of our journey. Brown had, either by accident, or influenced by an unconscious feeling of melancholy, fallen into the habit of almost constantly whistling and humming the soldier's death march, which had such a singularly depressing effect on my feelings, that I was frequently constrained to request him to change his tune." — pp. 438, 439.

A more serious accident befell them. On the 21st of October, three of their best horses were drowned, and Dr. Leichhardt was obliged to leave behind the greater part of his valuable botanical collection. "The fruit," he says, "of many a day's work was consigned to the fire; and tears were in my eyes when I saw one of the most interesting results of my expedition vanish into smoke." The loss was the more severe, as the long duration of the expedition had furnished him with blossoms, fruit, and seed. But they were now approaching the close of their toils. The first sign of the neighbourhood of their own race was the appearance of a fine looking native, "who stepped out of the forest with the ease and grace of an Apollo, with a smiling countenance, and with the confidence of a man to whom the white face was perfectly familiar." He was soon joined by another native. The amazement of the travellers was more than equalled by the inexpressible joy with which they heard this Australian Samoset utter, with a somewhat incoherent display of his attainments as a linguist, the words, "Commandant!" "Come here!" "Very good!" "What's your name?" "We were electrified," says Dr. Leichhardt, "and I was ready to embrace the fellows." Continuing their route, they arrived, on the 17th of December, upwards of sixteen months after their departure from Sydney, at Victoria, the English establishment at Port Essington, with eight horses and old Redmond, the only surviving bullock, who had been carefully spared, and would now, as the most thoroughly travelled civilized bullock of modern times, be deemed a jewel by our Carters and Van Amburghs. Well might Leichhardt write, —

"I was deeply affected in finding myself again in civilized society, and could scarcely speak, the words growing big with tears and emotion; and even now, when considering with what small means the Almighty had enabled me to perform such a long journey, my heart thrills in grateful acknowledgment of his infinite kindness." — p. 536.

His appearance at Sydney, in the following March, was hailed like the return of one from the dead. The colonial Muse hastened to redeem her error by an effusion of "spirited verses"; and private contributions were raised to the amount of £ 1500, to which the government now added £ 1000. His merits have been also duly appreciated in Europe; the Royal Geographical Society of London has awarded him the queen's gold medal, and he has received a similar acknowledgment from the Royal Geographical Society of Paris.

Such has been the successful termination of one of the most hazardous enterprises of discovery ever undertaken. What difficulties its leader had anticipated, more trying and severe than those which he really encountered, it is not easy to conjecture; but we have his assertion that these had not equalled his expectations. We trust that this will not prove his only disappointment of the kind. It is impossible to dismiss his volume without an expression of admiration for the simplicity and manly modesty which everywhere characterize this narrative of trials and sufferings of no common severity.

A few weeks before his return, the scruples of the colonial executive being at last removed by advices from England, Sir T. Mitchell set out on his expedition from Fort Bourke. Of this enterprise, a full narrative of which is about to be issued from the London press, we have a condensed journal in the despatches to the government, which Dr. Lang has printed in an Appendix. We learn from these, that this accomplished traveller has met with highlands in the interior of the country, which form a division of the waters, and has discovered near the tropic an important river, flowing through downs and plains, seemingly sufficient, as he says, to supply the whole world with animal food. To this river, which, as he supposes, has its estuary in the gulf of Carpentaria (though Leichhardt's experience may render this doubtful), he gave the name of his "gracious sovereign," Victoria. How the question of title is to be adjusted between this namesake of the queen and the river discovered and so named by Wickham and Stokes on the western coast remains to be seen. By the important results of this expedition, Sir T. Mitchell has made a large addition to his previous claim of having travelled over nearly a seventh part of the continent.

The farthest longitude attained by Mitchell being between

144° and 145° E., and the extent of the continent from east to west reaching from 153° to 113° E. longitude, it is apparent that by far the greater part of the interior of the country was still unexplored. A bolder enterprise yet remained ; and near the end of 1846, before Mitchell's return, Dr. Leichhardt, less dismayed by the hardships than encouraged by the success of his recent enterprise, started again, with the intention of crossing the continent in the latitude of the tropic, and falling down upon the colony of Swan River in Western Australia ; his train consisted of six whites, two native blacks, one of whom was Harry Brown (our old friend, we presume), fourteen horses, sixteen mules, and a large stock of goats, sheep, and cattle. If his own expectations are realized, the journey will occupy two years and a half. Where he is now, it would be of little use to conjecture.